

OUR SALLIE A STAR; WINS WAY TO TOP



SALLIE FISHER.

Salt Lake Actress, Who Soars Through Stardom as Prima Donna, in "The Girl in the Train."

MISS SALLIE FISHER, formerly of Salt Lake, has scored another big stage success in Chicago. She is now prima donna of "The Girl in the Train," the newest of Charles Dillingham's musical comedies, in which Frank Daniels is starring as the Studebaker theatre in the Windy City. Miss Fisher has what is really the title role in this piece, which is an adaptation by Harry B. Smith of the Viennese operetta, "Die Geschiedene Frau" ("The Divorced Wife"). The Chicago newspaper reviewers have all said many flattering things about Miss Fisher's work. Percy Hammond in the Tribune remarking: "Much of the song of the play is sung by Miss Sallie Fisher, of whom we shall say while Mr. Gunn's back is turned, that she is quite as melodious to our untutored ear as any of the more impressive ladies employed in the more serious grand opera organization adjacent. There is one waltz in which austere Miss Fisher amazes those present by indulging in a most caloric dance with the tenor, bending and swaying in a most disconcerting fashion."

Ashton Stevens in the Examiner declares, "Some of these precious tunes are well sung, especially those that fell to Sallie Fisher. Never have I

ATTRACTIONS THIS WEEK

(Continued from Page Five.)

brought from the London Hippodrome for a tour of the Orpheum circuit, the management believes it has an act that will be a great hit. The two Balans do all sorts of tricks, all with a comedy effect, and each of the number is explained, with equally amusing consequences as a rule.

New music by the orchestra and fresh picture films, descriptive of up-to-date subjects, complete the bill.

GARRICK THEATRE.

The Garrick theatre management has been fortunate in securing for the patrons of that popular house a play that



GRACE CAMERON.

In "Nancy," the First Three Nights This Week at the Colonial.

the old favorites, who are all cast in suitable parts, so that a most finished and interesting performance of this great play will be given.

The scenes are laid on the banks of the Mississippi river at a place designated as Dawson's landing. The taking of a chain of corals from the white baby's neck whose mother is dead and who is being fostered by the mother of a colored child almost white and placing the coral strand about the colored baby's neck is the cause for the christening of the wrong child. The mixup is only righted twenty-two years later when a most dastardly crime has been committed in the village. Pudd'nhead Wilson, as he is dubbed by the villagers, is a lawyer with a fad for registering upon small bits of glass the imprints of every "thumb mark" of every American in a baseball fan. This picture shows all the important parts of the great struggle for the world's championship and is a well worth seeing. It commences on a week's run today, ending next Friday night. This is in addition to the regular program, and no advance in price is asked.

This, in part, is the story which Mark Twain has woven together and made one of the most interesting of all his stories. The play is a dramatization

by Frank Mayo, who starred in the title role for a number of years.

CASINO THEATRE.

Fisher's vaudeville at the Casino is becoming more popular each week. The new bill which opens tomorrow promises to be exceptionally good. Lynolen & Morent, comedy singing and dancing are the headliners. Jennie Dewese and her wonderful trick dog present a very interesting act and William & Marcelle, comedy jugglers, are among the best in that line. There are four reels of pictures on the program, all subjects of unusual merit.

ISIS THEATRE.

The world's championship baseball game now being shown at this theatre is one of national interest, as every American is a baseball fan. This picture shows all the important parts of the great struggle for the world's championship and is a well worth seeing. It commences on a week's run today, ending next Friday night. This is in addition to the regular program, and no advance in price is asked.

LUNA THEATRE.

"Prison Life in Sing Sing" is the name of an illustrated lecture now being presented by Mr. Holland and will run for the week ending next Friday. Mr. Holland has his subject well in hand and is pleasing very large audiences. This is in addition to the regular program, which consists of all first run pictures and illustrated songs.

UP THE IRRAWADDY AND THROUGH BURMA

BY GLEN MILLER.

PAKOKKE, Upper Burma, Oct. 26.

I am not prone to cavil at the shortcomings of foreigners when we have little to boast of ourselves. Often enough have I thought, at home, of the utter absurdity of the stuff posted in hotel rooms as house regulations. If literally followed a traveler would have to turn over his pocketbook and other belongings to the innkeeper the moment he arrived, trusting to God and good luck to get any of it back. So on this side of the world the regulations may appear equally ridiculous to those who make them.

I have already spoken of the rule in hotels of Macao (the Portuguese gambling town) that guests shall not carry off any of the furniture. Here, in the largest hotel in Burma, I find the sign in the office of the hotel "Speak lowly, please." On the various stairs all the way up to the fourth story is the admonition "Walk slowly, please." Paraphrasing a well-known American bridge notice, I am going to suggest this sign to the proprietor: "Guests going up these steps faster than a walk will be fined five rupees."

Woman's rights seem to have found a permanent lodging place in Burma. The women, who are a fresh and rather good-looking lot, run the affairs of the country. They do the business and, I am told, husbands generally are a henpecked lot, and generally afraid of their wives. The women smoke big, stocky cigars that look for all the world like the Fourth of July rockets we send up. Frequently these cigars are ten inches long and too big to get into the mouth, so the woman stretches her lips over half of

the end and sucks. I am not referring to girls and matrons alike, and, in fact, to the whole feminine Burmese world.

Plenty of Crows.

I never saw so many crows as in this country. They are in droves and in pairs, on houses, on trees, in the rice fields, on the roads—everywhere. This is the first sound of the morning and the last of the evening. We have been surprised at the scarcity of bird life in China, Japan, the Philippines and the Malay islands. But here we have crows to beat the best.

We struck Burma on a religious festival day, and found all the pagodas, all the Buddhas and the various fetiches (used to assuage the vengeance of the gods) going at full blast. The Burmese girls, who are good-looking naturally and made more so by their bright silk robes, were all out in gala attire, closing "Lent" in a way to court the favor of the gods and at the same time win the attentions of the young men. With several thousands of natives climbing the long stairs of the principal pagoda and sought to do my share toward winning favor (of the gods—not the girls).

First, I pounded the bells, a process that attracts the attention of the presiding deity. Then I lighted several dozen candles and pasted some gold leaf on the pagoda. The Burman does not resent your taking part in the exercises or making all the noise you want—for the noise attracts the gods. Over in Japan the worshiper always claps his hands to draw the attention of the deity, but here pounding the bell takes first place as a means of attracting notice. Against one has passed around the world and seen the part played by religion, each trying to evangelize the world and all consuming millions of money in trying to convert the others, there is considerable room for reflection.

But I am not writing or worrying about religion. The pagodas average about twenty to thirty miles in circumference after day up the Irrawaddy, and give picturesque effect to the landscape. Speaking of the Irrawaddy, if anyone had mentioned the name before leaving home I would have put it down as the name of an uncompanionable chief over on the United States. Yet here it is a river as big as the Mississippi, the source of which has never been reached by white men. It is wide, muddy and has caving banks after the manner of the old Missouri. It runs through a country as rich as the central states, populated by an easy going, happy, indolent population. The Burman woman earns the living—and the man spends it. Being very discerning creatures, a lot of these Burmese women have picked out Chinamen for husbands, since the Chinamen work. The blend is a splendid one and results very satisfactorily. Such of the children as are boys are brought up as Chinese—pigtail and all. Such as the girls are reared as Burmese. The Burmese about of the complexion of the American mulatto. Everyone goes barefooted.

The waiters at my table wear turbans, with a crest, and have red and black sashes across their waists. I would take them for members of the Legion of Honor but for the fact that they go barefooted. Men and women alike wear jewelry in profusion. As I pen this a Burmese woman sits before me who has three rings in her nose, two chandeliers from her ears, half a dozen arm bracelets, a heavy belt of silver encircling her waist, four bracelets around her ankles, and rings on three toes of each foot. Nor is this jewelry of a cheap variety, but of solid gold and silver, with rubies, sapphires, emeralds and diamonds. The holes in her ears are large enough to pass a cigar. She is one of the wealthy, of course. The ear-boring ceremony, I am told, is a great family event; corresponding with the formal debut of a young woman in society at home.

In my last letter I told of my new servant. Judgment of this personage

was reserved, and the decree is not yet rendered, but the opinions of the court are developing rapidly. Sam failed to turn up at ship time the other day and I jumped hastily to the conclusion that he had decamped with some fifty rupees of deponent's money. The hotel manager, however, assured the role of Sherlock Holmes and we found Sam dead drunk in bed at a lodging house. Having invested in this sort of furniture, I decided to play the game a little further, and so set him on ship where, in the course of forty-eight hours, he recovered his equilibrium, even if he did not recover my money. In a heart-to-heart talk with me he confessed his shame, promised to do it no more and said he would be a good boy ever more. So I am giving him another trial—particularly as I have learned that getting drunk is a time-honored privilege with servants who, like Sam, come from Madras. One cannot be too hard on a servant who acts as guide, interpreter, valet and lecturer for the munificent sum of 30 cents a day.

Has Big Oil Business.

On my way up the Irrawaddy river I fell in with the manager of the Burma Oil company, a corporation worth twenty or thirty millions of dollars, and the leading rival concern of the Standard Oil company. This gentleman is from Warren, Pa., lives like a prince and has gathered around him about 150 Americans. These have the best of the country affairs. Knowing the oil business from training in the Pennsylvania fields, they run field operations. I was gratified to learn from the British captain that "these Americans stick close to one another and get the best going." Sticking together has not been an American trait in the far east, and it is gratifying to find the exception here. We were asked by the American manager and his wife to come ashore and be their guests for a week. We were also offered a magnificent tiger skin, which a native woman brought down to the boat as a present to him. Under these circumstances I had to decline both generous offers. On reaching headquarters we learned that one of the American superintendents had been bitten by a "Russell viper" that day and was not expected to live. The viper and cobra, both virulent reptiles, abound in great numbers and are a source of constant danger.

The oil wells are so thick that the derricks look like a great forest. While the British government will not allow Americans to acquire or in any way share in the oil fields, the British companies are dependent upon American skill for their operation.

Get an Easy Living.

Burma is so rich in soil, so prolific in rice, corn and fruit, that the Burman gets an easy living with precious little work, and that work, as before stated, is done by the woman, while the man lies around and sleeps. Everybody chews the betel, which is a combination of nut, tobacco, lime and cloves, a product that makes the teeth as red as a beet and the lips black. Children here go naked till six or seven years of age, and every boy is tattooed from knees to waist, the blue, black or red. As the majority of people go about half naked, the effect of this tattooing is striking. So painful is tattooing upon the sensitive parts of the thighs and knees that boys usually take opium to stifle the pain while these portions of the body are tattooed.

With the Missionaries.

Since arriving in the east I have come into frequent contact with the missionaries—men and women who have reached the utmost points of civilization, and gone beyond them; workers among the heathen, the denizens of the jungle, the wild tribesmen of the hills. I am not disposed to say anything on a topic so big as this, even if I had sufficient data to form accurate conclusions. My estimate of the missionary has been vastly heightened by meeting him in the field and seeing what he is actually doing. The Burman field is almost entirely under the American Baptist denomination. Apparently the attitude of the English government is that of allowing the American to educate and train the natives, while Britain gets the advantage of it.

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suffering now from any stomach disorder, you can get relief within five minutes.

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You couldn't keep a handier or more useful article in the house.

French missionaries in China are discouraged by the home government from teaching the Chinese French. Everywhere, however, the American missionary is teaching the natives English. I visited the Mormon headquarters in Tokyo, Japan, and found the young men heart and soul into their work. Two of the young missionaries are so fascinated with Japanese that they say they would like to spend the rest of their days in Japan. Speaking of missionaries, I had as a guest aboard the boat tonight one who has traveled by native boat down the Chindwin river from the mountains near Tibet, a country called "Manipur" under rule of a native prince. He had not eaten a European meal for over a year, and had only seen four white men in the whole period. On his way out of the wilds one of his attendants was attacked by a tiger, the hand crushed, scalp torn off and breast laid open. Another attendant was attacked, bitten and killed by a hermit, the only known reptile which will pursue man, and for whose poison there is no antidote. This missionary has a sad errand—the taking back to America of a young man from Indiana, who has become a raving maniac here from jungle fever. In spite of these experiences, he says he will immediately return to his field, because he has become very fond of the people.

Cosmopolitan Guests.

With us at table on the steamer was a Burmese attorney from Mandalay, black as a coal, but whose two sons are attending Cambridge University; a Scotchman, who has been in Upper Burma for forty-one years, and is married to a Burmese woman, and a Chinaman who is at the head of the school system, having 3,000 native schools in charge. Truly, travel in the east brings one into odd companionships.

We are close to the great ruby mines of the world, which are some fifty miles inland at a place called Mogoke. A number of people are here, and I saw a fine specimen of a stone, when I found the man coming out with a quantity of stones which he has taken from the ruby earth. So far as appearances go I would not give him 20 cents for the lot, but he tells me that a certain one of the stones, when cut, will be worth 12,000 rupees (\$4,000). Having lived in a country where hotel assays of ore taken from hotel stores often yield \$12,000 per ton (hotel values), I am a little skeptical about the value of these stones on the basis named.

Women in Bathing.

Some scores of women and girls are bathing in the river about fifty feet from our boat. The unconscious ease with which they come down to shore, divest themselves of their clothing and slip into the water is in contrast with our own perturbation as we sit on deck, in plain view, watching them. From Ragoon to Mandalay, a distance of 800 miles by river, I slept in a cabin which the present king of

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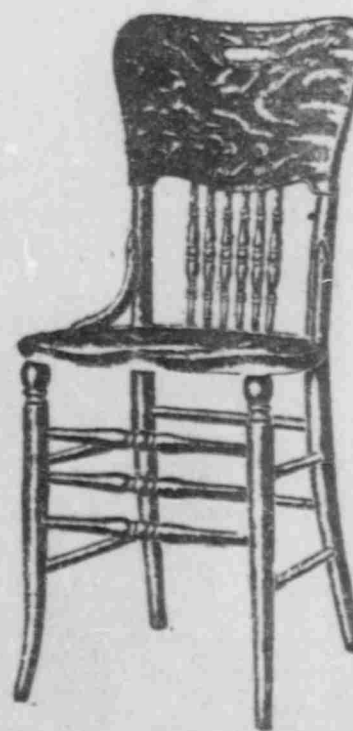
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